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[Translated by the Editor.]

A Review of the History of Music before Mozart.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 51.)

In Art only those theories are useful which spring out of practice; this everybody knows, and for this reason the good works of this kind always appear in epochs, when the art, whose principles they expound, has just completed a whole cycle; in the epochs of maturity or even of decay. Musical Art alone had the remarkable misfortune,

that the theorists arose before the composers, and that music was taught before it was at all understood. The consequence was inevitable. From Hucbald to Palestrina, and from Palestrina to Mozart, there was no advance, no improvement, no conquest of science and of genius, in a word no truth, which theory had not unconditionally condemned and which criticism had not made it a duty to itself to combat. Prescriptions, founded on the knowledge of the little that there was, but not on the presentiment of that which might or should be, were reduced to general rules, which were either entirely false or only right in a very few cases. When a man of genius ventured to break through this confining codex, they fell upon him on all sides; but when the innovation became general, through the ear and custom, and passed into a rule, then Theory, sighing, pushed her Hercules' pillars somewhat farther back, until she was driven from there likewise by a new discovery. In this way the theorists, the men of resistance, saw themselves continually disturbed in their majestic repose, behind which they would fain have intrenched themselves, by the composers, the men of progress; and the constitutions, which they had thought to impose in *secula seculorum* upon music, gradually tumbling down, because they were built upon the perishable foundations of *a priori* doctrines and dogmatical empiricism. Justice constrains me to admit, that Theory paid Composition back with interest for all the evil which the latter had inflicted on her. Long were her chains worn, without an attempt to shake them off; and if at last some ring was broken, she was instantly at hand to repair the damage and out of her very disaster forge the material for a new yoke; so that, although continually overtaken and subdued, she always understood the way to hold back and to paralyze the movement that was bearing her along. She always ruled.

So was it and so will it be till musical Art is made complete in all its elements. Only after perfect master-works can there be rational theories. At this day, now that music is definitively established in all its parts, the last and greatest reform finds no longer any adversaries, and for half a century there has been nothing new to discover in respect to chords and modulations. We may now at last expect a good and more logical grammar than exists in any living language, and which the author will do better to write in twenty pages than in fifty volumes, if he would leave nothing out. Meanwhile examples, which the ear

calls good, have become so multiplied and rules so stretched, that every conceivable boldness in composition is justified in one way or another by our still very vague principles of harmony. One might now sound the seven notes of the scale, nay all the scales in an accord at once, without violating the rules. There is no longer anything absolute; and while the old theorists submitted to innumerable general observances and general prohibitions, the theorists of our time would sink under the burthen of exceptions, if they had to look out for them and mind them all. Mozart has hurled Theory from her throne. He said: I AM THEORY, and he took her place and she took his. The theorists now seek the solution of difficult or doubtful problems* in the examples of the great masters, since a strictly scientific or rational system of Harmony is wanting. This perhaps will one day be discovered, and seems not undiscoverable in an Art, which in its basis and its elements borders so closely on the abstract sciences. Till then, the musician's ear must remain the highest, though a far from perfect law, by which to decide what is to be rejected and what to be admitted in composition.

We reckon about four centuries from Hucbald to the earliest known contrapuntal works, for the discovery and elegant publication of which for the first time the learned world is indebted to Messrs. Fétis, Kalkbrenner and Kiesewetter. These four centuries were the scholastic or dogmatic period of Art, in which Theory was all and Practice (for this very reason) nothing or less than nothing. Men wished to speak the speech of Music; they wished to write it, and yet its words were not yet found; they wished to make grammars, and yet all the elements of the language were wanting. The most famous scholars asked antiquity; and antiquity, so wonderful in its works of architecture and sculpture, in its prose and poetry,—antiquity, in which lay the elements for the revival of philosophy, literature and painting, became for music the source of the greatest barbarism. Men without names ventured on the path of experiment and discovered much that was true and useful. They had to bring the old rubbish into harmony with nature, the inextricable points of archæology with universal feeling, the ear with Boethius, the classical doctrines of the Organum with the romantic doctrine of the Third and Sixth. Many men in the Middle

* Witness Godfrey Weber's treatise on the Theory of Musical Composition.

Ages exhausted themselves in attempts to bring about this unnatural union, which was finally realized in the course of the fourteenth century, in the following manner. I give here a fragment of a *Gloria*, taken from a Mass, which master Machault composed in the year of grace 1364, for the anointing and coronation of Charles V., King of France.



Master Guillaume Machault, poet and musician, was a perfect eclectic, an artist impartial and complaisant toward every one, as one may see from this example, in which the old Organum of Huebald in octaves, fifths and fourths reaches the hand of brotherhood to the improvements which John de Muris had taught in the composer's country thirty years before. Machault had derived due profit therefrom! The example is worthy of remark, because it proves that the musicians of that time, although they wrote in four parts, yet possessed no correct knowledge of Harmony; I mean Harmony by means of chords. They scarcely had a presentiment of that. We here discern indeed some Trichords, but only as a necessary consequence of putting together two intervals; only as a fruitless accident, and not as a fundamental law, from which all proceeds and to which all flows back. Notes were brought together in consonances and dissonances, without making either to depend on the harmonic totality, to which they should all contribute. So little did the old contrapuntists think of filling out the chord, that frequently, as we see, the four parts together present nothing but a third, a fifth, or a mere unison. Is not this Harmony of the fourteenth, indeed we may say of the whole fifteenth century, much emptier and less satisfying to the

ear, than the simple unisons or octaves of the natural singers?

One question presses here upon our notice, of which I presume no one will deny the interest nor the merit of having hitherto eluded all investigation. With the knowledge, which the musicians of that period possessed, or rather with that which they did not possess, (for they lacked nearly all,) what could they, or what should they do? A new question is a sort of windfall, which no writer declines. I shall be pardoned therefore, if I also take advantage of it.

Musical Art in the fourteenth century, like a new-born, misshapen, frail and sickly child, followed a course plainly contrary to nature. It turned from the composite to the simple, from canonical counterpoint to chords, and from chords to melody. Why did it not begin with the last, which is the essential and moreover the most obvious thing in Music? Nature herself undertakes to teach Melody; she dictates its turns and its character with an inexhaustible variety, and often with a charm of expression, according to the prosody of the language, the influences of climate and other special relations of the physical and intellectual life of nations. The cheerful shepherd's song (*Villanella*), the *naïve* Barcarolle, the idyllic Sicilienne (shepherd's dance), the Tyrolese song with its double voice, that sounds like an echo from the mountains, the French cradle songs, the English ballads, the Ossianic and melancholy Scotch melodies, the complaining and tender Russian melodies and other national songs, in which is expressed the original genius of the races, nearly obliterated by our present civilization,—how many happy and fruitful thoughts, what poetic treasures lie in them! Treasures, at the command of every one. What the hunter of the Alps, the herdsman of the Apennines and of Mt. Ætna, the ploughman on the banks of the Wolga and the Don,—what these uncultivated men found, and without difficulty, men, who had applied themselves especially to the study of music, should have been able to find much more easily and without doubt much better. A little reflection will suffice to show that they could not.

From the moment that Art steps into the place of nature, and methodical schooling into the place of immediate consciousness, the artist loses irrecoverably the capacity of instinctive inspirations; he is held to produce according to the rules which he has made for himself; for otherwise he would cease to be an artist, and retrograde towards that standpoint from which it is the very end of Art to lead him away. This being established, we ask, how the musicians of the fourteenth century must have produced a melody in the ways known and current in their time. With music in the state of Art, we have said, Harmony is the substance, Melody the form. Without substance there is no form, and the substance, that is the accords, were wanting to the workmen. Their labor found its only guide and proof in the succession of the intervals or tones combined by two and two. Now since the union of two notes makes only an indefinite and ambiguous impression on the ear; since we always need a third tone, real or implied, to bring out a complete, determined and self-founded Harmony, the musicians were not able with such a method to discover the relations of the Key and of modulation, which alone make Melody. Their parts were

set down upon paper accidentally and according to this blind mode of proceeding. That was the first hindrance, which was not of a nature to last long. By a sort of self-refining process the progressions of the intervals produced the Chord so often, that they finally gave the harmonic trinity invariably and as a common natural basis for all the labors of composition. Theory kept a very long silence about this extraordinary discovery; it waited for Rameau, to be legitimately explained; but from the fifteenth century down we see whole series of chords gradually taking the place of the two-footed passages which had formed the rule. In the works of the first Flemish school, the oldest of all schools, the feeling of the harmonic law begins clearly to break out, and the melodic design to improve in proportion. But in the parts or voices, that were contrived to produce some kind of musical meaning, none at all was found. Obstacles, which it required more time to remove than mere ignorance; obstacles, which were yet more obstinate, because they had their roots in the incarnate theoretic prejudices and even touched the institutions of the church, necessarily made Melody impossible for more than two centuries longer.

The eight Church Tones of the Gregorian Chant were the only ones in use from antiquity, and the only ones which theory recognized. They had the three-fold sanction, of time, of established theory and of the Catholic ritual. To these guaranties, so imposing in themselves, Glareanus (Henry Loritus, a theorist of the sixteenth century) added the legislative and always highly venerated authority of the ancients. He identified the Church Tones with the Greek Modes and gave them the names Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and so forth, of which neither St. Ambrose nor St. Gregory had ever thought. In this way every thing contributed to make out of the institution of the Church Modes an unassailable musical dogma and, as it were, a supplemental article of faith, which no one ventured openly to deny or overstep.

My readers know that these Modes, ascribed to the Greeks, were nothing but the normal diatonic scale of C major, comprised in octaves, which began and ended upon other notes besides the Tonic. They also know, and possibly still better, that upon the place, which the half-tones occupy upon the major and minor scale, depend the combinations which determine the Key. But since in all the Church Tones this place changed continually, according to the arbitrary note with which the scale commenced, it followed that the essential chords were more or less wanting to all the authentic or solemn modes; that the Dorian, for example, which began with a D, in the want of a C sharp, had neither the half-tone immediately below the ground-tone for its melody nor a Dominant chord for its harmony; that the Lydian, which began with an F, ran against the Tri-tone instead of the Fourth, which it should have found on the fourth step, and so on.—We see at once the impossibility of realizing any natural melody with these unsettled scales. But we believe too, that they never applied the Church Tones in their theoretic and grammatical purity. The singers must have corrected and modified them from instinct, as do the singers in the Græco-Russian churches at this day, using sharps and flats, not indicated in the book, as often as the ear craves them. In this way the Church Tones, as

they were, could serve for a long time and maintain a semblance of reality, so long as the *canto fermo* was only executed in unison or octaves. But with Harmony all this became pure illusion. With Harmony there was no longer a Dorian, or a Phrygian, or any other scale of that sort; there were the Major and Minor, which require sensible and characteristic notes; that is, the true scales and the transposed keys, that is sharps and flats; moreover a natural tune, that is a natural modulation, that is in a word *all* that the Church Tones had not. The obstacle was insurmountable. They had to get round it by a thousand subtleties, a thousand roundabout ways; and just as men had labored to reconcile the Hucbald progression with the permitted passages, which was very bad, but at least practicable, so now the science and genius of the composers were exhausted upon the impossible problem of reconciling Harmony with the Church Tones, when there was an invincible repugnance between them. What occurred in consequence? Out of mere regard and forbearance towards this venerable institution, it came to pass that the composers, without thinking of it, utterly destroyed it, and finally to their great amazement found above its ruins the twenty-four keys of modern music, the result of Harmony and Melody completed.

The first shift that was thought of was to change the B of the Lydian Mode into a B flat; since the B natural formed with the Tonic a tri-tone or false Fourth, an interval scarcely regarded with abhorrence before, and now one of the most distinguished and useful servants of the harmonic kingdom. In this way the Greek tone-system was tolerably conformed to the relations of the modern scale and forced to bear a somewhat closer resemblance to our scale of F major than one drop of water to another. This alone among all the Church Tones had this invaluable advantage, at least in writing; and I make this remark with so much the more interest, because it very well explains the singular partiality of the composers of the sixteenth century, already learned harmonists, for this key. Nearly all the examples of their works, which Burney gives, bear the signature of one flat.

To be sure, the concession of a B flat was a small affair. They had to modulate accordingly, to touch the essential chords, to pass out into other keys. Here was a new perplexity. The Lydian Mode, transformed into a major scale, had indeed all the chords required within the limits of its own Tonic; but its key did not suffice to effect the nearest transition. If one wanted, for example, to pass from F into B flat major, or into D minor or A minor, the ear demanded in the first case the characteristic E flat; in the second case the semitone C sharp below the key-note; in the third case, G sharp; downright falsifications of the Church Modes, manifest oversteppings of the established system. Modulation was not possible; not to modulate was equally impossible. What then was to be done? Patience! here comes the celebrated Franchinus Gaforius, Gaforus or Gaforius, who will instruct us in his treatise, entitled *Practica musica*, chapter 13, *De musica ficta contrapuncto*. Does the reader know what this *fictitious* music is? Nothing more nor less than real music, music for the ear, with body and soul to it; the necessity of setting sharps and flats, where they were needed, without its being permissible on that account ever to write them upon

paper, for that was called *altering the purity of the scales*. All were lost, should the eyes see what the ear must hear. What a casuist was this Gaforius! What a perfect Jesuit, although Loyola's children were not yet born! Sharps and flats are permitted when you cannot do without them, but to *write* them is a sin. An excellent doctrine, which applies to many other things as well as flats and sharps.

By virtue of this fiction, which quieted the consciences of contemporaries at the expense of future historians, who had officially to decipher the old music, the musicians remained in good faith that they were operating upon Greek or Church Tones, while they were making neither more nor less than Major and Minor. Nevertheless this prejudice, so long as it stood in theory, had a great influence upon practice. The tune, instead of resting on the essential chords of one Major or Minor Tone, continued to move upon arbitrary limits in the different scales of the *canto fermo*. The Diatonic passed for the rule; the Chromatic for a painful, but unavoidable exception, to be used as sparingly as possible. Hence all the inconveniences in the train of the old music:—the want of resonance, the poverty and helplessness of modulations, the rests and cadences running so contrary to nature, and an anxiety to avoid scales, whose use would have involved too many flats and sharps, that is to say too many exceptions and licences! *Summa summarum*: Melody was just 0. We shall see hereafter how much the rules of the *Canon* must have aggravated the impediments of a tone-system, that was in itself so unpropitious to the demands of Art.

For the musicians in the state of nature, not a single one of these impediments existed. Neither scales nor modulations gave them any difficulty. They sang the Major more correctly than any of the learned ones who had been initiated into the mysteries of the *cantus durus* and the *cantus mollis*; they intoned the Minor more accurately than the cuckoo; they set the sharps and flats with an unerring tact, and slept none the worse for it, the happy mortals! Melody streamed rich and fluid from their lips; dance music, brisk and well cadenced, animated their clumsy bows; their ignorance understood how to flatter the ear, to excite the senses, to move the heart, when science was far from dreaming that there is no music without these three conditions. The artists looked down with contempt upon their modest colleagues, who were far before them; and yet a secret envy, a desire of imitation, which they did not confess to themselves, was mingled with their contempt for the natural music, with that enjoyment, of which they were ashamed, but which they none the less found very agreeable. They despised them, and yet they were repeatedly compelled in their own barrenness and impotence to have recourse to them. I take pains to collect the evidences of this fact, as far as they can be had. It is very important, and the historians have not understood it.

[To be continued.]

Musical Criticism, with Specimens.

[From Punch.]

Mr. Punch has received a great batch of new music. He has not the slightest idea why it should be sent to him, but several strong ideas why it should not. The only object, so far as he can understand, with which music is sent to a periodical is that the latter may puff the former more or less outrageously. Well, puffing is un-

happily not much in Mr. Punch's way; but, besides this, it really appears to him a great waste of paper, nicely printed with musical characters, and embellished with frontispieces of greater or less absurdity, to send it to him or any other honest reviewer when every music publisher appears to keep a clerk expressly to write the reviews of the "house's" publications. What is the use of a bit of sound opinion, when there is a fluent young gentleman ready with a cut and dry paragraph to fit anything his master may publish? "Of all the exquisite gems which even the heaven-born fancy of the gifted BUGGINGS has produced, this is at once the most sparkling, the most captivating, and withal the easiest for the player." Or: "We thought that SNOGGINGS LOGGINGS had reached the acme of genius when he wrote his 'Pearls on the Heart-strings,' but we have learned our presumption in listening to 'Diamonds of the Brain.'" And then these counter critics have another advantage. While they are forging a criticism they invent a journal for it, and specimens of papers which neither we nor the Stamp Office ever heard of are daily advertised as coolly as if such papers had existence. This is prudent. Our friend the *Musical World*, for instance, is very honest; and despite his extreme fatuousness in contending that fiddlers are not, habitually, fools, gives legitimate opinions on music, and we never see his name attached to any publisher's puffing. But we read of the *Musical Jargon*, and the *Musical Slaverer*, and the *Musical Trowel*, and the *Musical Toadeater*, and a score of similar works, and on the strength of such frauds helpless young ladies who look down the advertising columns to see what new pieces they shall buy are deluded into the purchase of rubbish. And how the young gentleman grins when they walk into his master's shop, and say they will take the "Cloud of Harmonies," or the "Bilious Girl's Prayer," because they "see it is spoken well of by the press." What, therefore, is the use of sending new music to Mr. Punch?

However, as it has come, he will look at it. It appears to have been in a great measure inspired by recent events, nearly all of it having relation to the Oriental question. The first which comes to hand is—

"Up with the Union-Jack, Crescent, and Tricolor!" A patriotic Song, dedicated to OMER PASHA. Poetry by ALCIBIADES BUNG. Music by HAYDN JORRIWOPS.

We do not think we like this poetry—much. Yet it is bold, and boldness belongs to a martial subject.

Up with the Union-Jack, Crescent and Tricolor,
Proudly the flags shall in harmony join,
Teaching the haughty Russ champion to break a law
Which to keep sacred he ought to combine.
Charge on him, sons of the Thames and the Isis,
Charge on him, sons of the Seine and the Rhone,
Showing you're equal to cope with this crisis,
By taking a firm and a resolute tone.

Fear not his millions of Muscovite legions;
Are they not slaves who can never be free?
While you are proud of the noble allegiance
You owe to *Belle France* and the Isle of the Sea.
So dash up the Danube with all your three-deckers,
And lashing its billows to fury and foam,
Let all the dark mountains resound with your echoes,
"French, *frappez chez vous!*" and "Bold Britons,
strike home."

If we were hypercritical we might object to the rhyme to "tricolor," which rhyme, if read "breek a lore," as is necessary, ridicules Cockneyism. Next we object to "join" and "combine." Thirdly, we want somebody with whom Nicholas should combine. Fourthly, we think the seventh and eighth lines slightly prosaic. Fifthly, we do not think Nick has millions of legions, or if he has why they are not to be feared, and why they are to rhyme to "allegiance." Sixthly, we want to know how a three-decker is to be got up into the Danube; and Seventhly, we object to the translation of "strike home." But, on the whole, the song has only the faults of its class, and is so like the majority of such works, and the music (being stolen from MEYERBEER) is so good, that we are happy to recommend it. The next is sentimental.

"Her Guardsman's where, on Danube's Bank." Song. The poetry by the HONORABLE AUGUSTUS NORHEAD, the music by Mrs. AUTOLYCUS CABBAGE DE CRIBB.

Her Guardsman's where, on Danube's bank,
The Moslem walks his round,
And though her loved one's sword may clank
She cannot hear the sound.
For many a day her cheek will pale,
From his dear sight debarred,
And many a night she'll still bewail
For that young Coldstream Guard.

But time, it is a wondrous thing,
And passes day by day,
And after winter comes the spring,
To smile the storm away.
And oh some day that heart may gain
Its pure and rich reward,
And those bright eyes look not in vain
For that young Coldstream Guard.

The lady's music is in every way worthy of the gentleman's poetry, and as the publisher, who naturally knows so much more about these things than we can, observes, "There is a touching and pellucid mingling of gentle sorrow and of elevated hope about this song, which must recommend it alike to the piano-forte of the general player, and of the fastidious Christian."

The third song with which we have been favored has what the writer supposes to be a local coloring about it. A very little of such color, and that not over well put on, is enough in these days. It is

"Oh were I but a Pasha's Bride!" Song by a Young Lady of Rank. Music by Signor VOLTI SUBITO, principal Harpist to the Queen of the Cannibal Islands.

Oh were I but a Pasha's bride,
I'd love his bride rein,
And I would ever seek his side
Upon the battle plain.
And when the dreadful fight was done,
I'd deck his gay kiosk,
Or mix his sherbet, scour his gun,
Or go with him to mosque.
And when his mates the fearful knives,
Or cords of death should bring,
My tears should save the victims' lives,
My *bean* relax the string.
And I would crush his crimson fez,
And stick it on one side—
I care not what my mother says,
I'd be a Pasha's bride.

As regards this precocious young lady, whose ideas of a Pasha's domestic arrangements are so accurate, we can only say that, though possibly we might be inclined to spoil the child in the way not recommended by Solomon, we should certainly remit her to a course of dry toast and water and collects. As for Signor VOLTI SUBITO, we recommend him to turn rapidly to some other profession than music-making:—stone-breaking would supply his ear with all the liveliness it seems to covet.

We find a mass of other songs in the parcel, but have no space to do more than enumerate them. There is the "Sultan's Triumph, a Country Dance;" "When Britain Storms the Iron Gate;" "The Guards are Gone! How many Hearts;" "The Barrack Halls are vacant now;" "The Fusileers on the Danube, a March;" "Let England's Ships in Thunder Roar;" "Pop Goes the Cannon;" "England, Old Tyranny's Foe;" "Beautiful Sisters, the Thames and the Seine;" "Join, France and England, Hand in Hand," &c. &c. We may deal with them at some future period; in the mean time, we doubt not to see them puffed every day, according to publishers' custom, with choice laudations, shop-manufacture, and carefully selected from non-existent journals.

ON DIT.—A singular report is circulating in the city, that the magnificent present of \$5,000 to Paul Julien, the loss of his violins, &c., was a great hoax, of the same genre as the *Amazonian Light-Guard* of last week. We have heard of artists falling into the water, or reporting themselves as having fallen in, and submitting to various other accidents for advertising purposes, but we should be sorry to think that so promising a talent as Paul Julien could be prostituted to this sort of thing.—*Willis's Mus. World*.

ARIETTE FOR MUSIC.

BY SHELLEY.

As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice, most tender,
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night.
No leaf will be shaken,
Whilst the dews of thy melody will scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music, and moonlight, and feeling,
Are one.

Organ Playing in Philadelphia.

The editor of *Fitzgerald's City Item*, Philadelphia, has commenced a series of articles upon the Choirs in that city, which he prefaces with the following remarks upon its organ music. We forbear comments, at least until he shall have more fully developed his idea, as promised in future articles.

We differ much from other cities, even in this particular, and the mannerisms of Boston, or New York, are as distinct from ours as it is possible to imagine. It is, therefore, difficult for a person from either of those cities to criticize our Church Music without prejudice, so much does it clash against their preconceived notions of religious propriety. We do not wish to claim a superiority in our Church Music above that in our neighboring cities, for we are fully aware that, generally speaking, we are far behind them, especially New York, where liberality, united with a laudable wish to stand first in such matters, has established in all the leading churches, singers and organists of the highest ability, at an expense that would stagger any music committee in this city. There is but little of this willingness to expend freely in our own churches, and the result is, that we usually find a good organist and an indifferent choir, or vice versa.

Philadelphia is the head quarters of what is known as the "light style" of organ playing. It reigns in almost every church, modified to suit the congregations, and some of these modifications are droll enough, when beginners essay to make them. The German and English schools have also their representatives at Grace and St. Mark's churches, but these are not so popular as the lighter style, which is the *juste milieu* between the heaviness of the strict school, and the indecorous gaiety of the operatic; it combines pleasing and appropriate melody with solid and effective harmony; it retains a devotional feeling, while it does not discard an occasional use of dramatic power that adds much to the general effect upon the auditory.

What we understand as the true aim of organ playing in the course of divine worship is this: to produce a continuance of the emotions excited by the part of the service immediately preceding the voluntary. For instance, we will take the services for Good Friday, in an Episcopal Church—what is the proper style for a voluntary after the portion of scripture appointed for that solemn anniversary?—we do not want to hear a succession of intricate progressions, and a simple subject of four or eight bars elaborated with even the best ability; that does not keep the thoughts of the congregation upon the hill of Calvary. No—we should have a dramatic extemporization,—the broken sobs, the solemn darkness, the rending of the veil, and the meek accents of the dying Voice; all these should be kept in mind, by a wildness of harmony, sometimes discordant, a broken and interrupted melody of the most plain-

tive character, and by a succession of grand climaxes, finally dying off in wailing passages. It seems to us that some such treatment of the subject as this suggests, is far more appropriate to the occasion than the too evident science of the German school, or the too carefully prepared cadences of the English. It is this kind of descriptive music that is most applicable to churches, and it constitutes the aim of the "light style."

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The event of the first week in May was the revival of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and the triumph of Crivelli in the most difficult part of Leonora. The *Musical World* says:

She has entered upon her task with faith and enthusiasm. Had she merely shown a common talent, nothing could have saved her. She has had the courage to appear before that public which, six years ago, was slow to perceive her merits, in a part depending solely upon truth for effect, offering scarcely a single opportunity for the display of mere vocal brilliancy, scarcely a point where facile execution, irrespective of dramatic propriety, would be likely to ensure the plaudits so flattering to the ears of an artist. To understand and enjoy *Fidelio* thoroughly, the attention must never wander; nothing must be unheeded, nothing indifferently heard, or much that is interesting and important loses its weight and significance. To enter fully into the excellence of Crivelli's Leonora, it must be closely watched throughout. Leonora is almost always on the stage, and, when not on the stage, always in the confidence of the audience, who listen with her to the wicked machinations of Pizarro, sympathize with her in the wretched condition of Florestan. Not a scene, a dialogue, an air, scarcely a speech or recitative, which does not in some degree advance the progress of the action and approach a step towards the dramatic climax. The labor of sustaining such a part with anything like efficiency may easily be comprehended. How much greater to realize completely, as Crivelli has done, the whole meaning and intentions of the author and composer! Her first scene, before she has obtained the confidence of Rocco, before she has overheard the revelations of Pizarro, would alone show her to be an actress. The eagerness with which she listens to the gaoler, in the hopes of obtaining every interesting particular in reference to the prisoner whom she suspects to be her husband, is intense and beautiful. Her exhibition of horror, and subsequent burst of resolution when the treachery of Pizarro has been disclosed, is exceedingly fine, and her acting during the whole of the grave scene consummate. We have remarked few touches of natural instinct more exquisitely embodied than when, hearing the unconscious Florestan speak of "Leonora," she checks her almost irresistible desire to rush into the arms of her husband and reveal herself. We need scarcely call attention to the great points of the declaration to Pizarro and the drawing forth the pistol; these are self-evident; nor is it necessary to point to the ardor, the overwhelming affection with which she regards Florestan throughout the subsequent duet (one of the most absorbing pieces in the opera.) But when her task is accomplished and her husband saved, a more delicate exhibition of histrionic truth, one which might possibly escape all but the most attentive observer, is the seeming prostration, mental and bodily, which has seized upon Leonora, rendering her, amid the fulness of her happiness, almost an apathetic spectator of what passes around her. A point like this could only have suggested itself to rare intelligence; and this, with others which we cannot stop to mention, shows Crivelli to be an actress of the highest sensibility and refinement.

Crivelli has the power of expressing joy and despair, hope and anxiety, hatred and love, fear and resolution, with equal felicity. She has voice and execution sufficient to master with ease all the trying difficulties of the most trying and difficult parts. The very few changes she makes—which we cannot applaud, since we have yet to be convinced that to alter Beethoven is to improve him—may easily be rejected with advantage. Crivelli's abilities are such that they are wholly unnecessary. She evinces throughout the opera too complete a forgetfulness of herself in her author to make it possible for us to believe she would wittingly interfere with his ideas for the sake of shining at his expense. Not the least beauty in Crivelli's Leonora is, that in the scenes where resolution soars the highest, as in those where fear and uncertainty perplex, the modesty of womanhood is never overstepped, while a sentiment of youth in the tones of the voice, in every look, movement, and gesture, imparts a peculiar and abiding charm to the whole impersonation. It is long, indeed, since we have felt more entirely satisfied with a dramatic and vocal performance from first to last.

The part of Florestan was taken by Tamberlik, Rocco by Susini, Pizarro by Tagliacico, and Marcellina by Mile. Marai; all of whom are highly praised, as well as the whole performance of the opera, with the exception

of the chorus of prisoners. Two of Beethoven's four overtures to it were played, namely, the regular *Fidelio* overture, in E, at the opening, and the grand *Leonora*, in C, between the acts. The latter was encored.

DRURY LANE.—The Signor BETTINI who sang in the *Sonnambula* is "not the tenore robusto," so well known in Boston and New York, but one of the light tenors, of the sentimental order, using a great deal of *falsetto*, with a voice of little power, but pleasing, and no action. Mlle. Agnes Bury was quite successful in Amina.—*Der Freyschütz* was given three times to crowded houses. *Fidelio* was in rehearsal, with Mme. Caradori as Leonora, and Formes as Rocco.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The third concert opened with Mozart's overture to *Der Schauspieler-Director* (The Theatre director). The *World* gives the following account of it.

The overture of Mozart is better known by its Italian name of *Il Direttore della Commedia*. The annotator to the New Philharmonic prospectus is wrong in stating that, except at Herr Jausa's concert last year, it was never performed in England, since for many years it was as constant an interlude at the theatres as any of the minuets in the symphonies of Pleyel, Romberg, or Haydn. *Der Schauspieler-Director*, composed in the year 1786, is described by Mozart in his own catalogue as "a comedy with music, consisting of an overture, two arias, a terzet, and vaudeville." It was commanded by the Emperor of Austria for a *fête* at his palace of Schönbrunn, and was written expressly for the three singers then most celebrated at Vienna, namely, Madame Lange, Mlle. Cavaglieri, and Herr Adamberger. The two *soprani* are represented under the names of Herz and Silberklang, and the piece is founded entirely on a supposed contest between them. They were the two first female vocalists in Europe at that time, each excelling in a particular style, to the nature of which the names given them by the composer may, probably, afford some clue. The merits of both, however, are made so prominent in the music, that the question as to which really was the most talented was left as far from solution as before. Each had her *andante* and *allegro*; each beautiful melodies, in a different character; all the refinements and difficulties of vocalization were measured out to both; yet only in one place, where the two singers were striving to show the compass and flexibility of their voices in scales and roulades, did "Herz" give out an F in *alt* to the D of her rival, carrying off, in this respect at least, the victory.

Although the simplest of all the overtures of Mozart, the *Schauspieler-Director* is so spirited, and instrumented with such clearness, that it must always please; and it did please on Monday night, when it was capably played under the direction of Herr Lindpaintner.

Mlle. Clauss made her first appearance, since her tour in Germany, in the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, and was more admired than ever. Dr. Wilde's music to Milton's "Paradise Lost" (of which we copied a description last year) appears to have again met with decided favor. The second part of the concert consisted of Beethoven's fourth *Symphony* (in B flat); the song of the Queen of Night from the *Zauberflöte*, in which Miss Louisa Pyne failed, it appears, to take the F in *alt* with certainty; and finally, for the first time among the Londoners, who are so fond of abusing Wagner, the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Quite characteristic is the report of the *Musical World* critic:

After all the talk that has been, at home and abroad, about Herr Richard Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*, we certainly were led to expect something better than we heard. It is enormously difficult to play, and taxed the powers of the magnificent band, under Herr Lindpaintner's direction, to the utmost. With regard to the music, it is such queer stuff, that criticism would be thrown away upon it. We never listened to an overture at once so loud and empty. And Richard Wagner, according to Franz Liszt, is entrusted with no less important a mission than the regeneration of the musical art.

Germany.

VIENNA.—The London *Musical World's* correspondent writes the following of Mme. Goldschmidt and her movements:

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's popularity seems to be increasing every day. I will not attempt to describe the enthusiasm she excites, but content myself with informing you the room of the Musikverein is not spacious enough to contain those who desire to obtain admission when she sings. At her fourth concert, she gave Susanna's air from the second act of "The Marriage of Figaro," the air of Alice from *Robert le Diable*, Herr Mangold's *Zwiegesang*, and a Swedish *Hirtensied* by Berg, and was applauded "to the echo." I thought the "bravos" would never cease. She was not so fortunate in a song composed by Herr Otto Goldschmidt, but the fault did not lie with her. Herr Otto Goldschmidt, with

Herrn Joseph Hellmesberger and Schlesinger, played the first movement of a piano-forte trio by Schubert, the *variations sérieuses* in D minor of Mendelssohn, a *nocturne* of Chopin, and *La Tarentelle* of M. Thalberg. At her fifth concert, five days later, Mme. Goldschmidt repeated the air, *Und ob die Wolke sie verhülle*, which was so enthusiastically received on a former occasion. She also sang *Come per me sereno*, from the *Sonnambula*, Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, and the *Lied* by Herr Taubert, which she had already introduced at her first concert: *Ich muss nun einmal singen*, ("Birdling"). Herr Otto Goldschmidt performed a sonata of Beethoven, and two *Etudes* of his own composition, on the piano-forte. Herr Otto von KönigsLöw, a violinist of talent, played an *Andante cantabile* by Ernst, which obtained great applause. Mme. Goldschmidt does not go to Prague, but to Pesth, whither she has been especially invited. She intends passing the summer at some watering place, and will now positively not go to London.

The marriage of the young emperor was celebrated on the 27th ult. by a solemn service sung by the Domchor-Verein in the church of St. Anne. The sixth grand mass and a chorus of Haydn, and an *Ave Maria* by Franz Schubert, were the pieces.

BERLIN.—Fräulein Krall, from the Court Theatre at Vienna, has made her debut at the Opera. Theodore Formes played Masaniello to Mlle. Taglioni's Fenella. Löwe's oratorio, "The Seven Sleepers," had been performed for a charitable purpose. Herr Dam's oratorio, *Die Sündfluth* (the Deluge), a piece first performed here in 1849, and not since, is announced for a concert in the Royal Opera House; also Bach's *Passion* music, by the members of the Singakademie.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 27, 1854.

Native Musical Talent.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Last week we glanced at some of the more prominent and successful instances of young American aspiration to the character of *performing* artists, or interpreters of music. It remains to cast a like glance upon our beginnings, such as they may be, in the art of musical composition or creation. Here it becomes us to be very modest, and to remember that it is indeed our day of small things, though there be signs of promise stirring which it is a pleasure to enumerate.

Of "native compositions" and "composers," in one sense, it is true we have no lack. The country swarms with enterprising fellows who can *put together* notes and *make up* little pieces, that will sell. Inquire at the mills where all this grist is ground, inquire of the publishers who *show* "sheet music" over all the land, as fast as it melts away, and they will tell you that the native *cop* is quite a vast affair, and pays the better as it is the more ephemeral. But these people would not be considered as *composers* in any other country; and why should they here? To have made or arranged psalm-tunes; to have drummed out a pretty waltz or polka in one's own way, (which is only a feeble following of Strauss's or Labitsky's) while yet under the tingling influence of Jullien's or the Germania band; to have tortured airs from *Norma* into a flashy set of finger variations for the piano, according to some hacknied Thalberg or De Meyer formula; least of all, to have clothed some common-place feeling in a pretty, sentimental, nanby-pamby little song, (which may have no fault but that it is like a thousand others, and that there was no sort of need for its existence)—such songs, for instance, as sentimental young men sing about their old arm chairs, or dedicate to their mothers, with a portrait of the author on the title-page, perusing, with sad or

sparkling face, a letter from the dear old lady:—these things, we apprehend, and far better things than these, do not in any artistic sense entitle a person to the name of composer.

That amid all this superficial productivity there has been much that is good and useful, educationally, in the way of furnishing "milk for babes" in music, we have no disposition to deny. Moreover we can well imagine, and indeed we know, that among so many young Americans as have devoted themselves of late years to music, there is now and then produced a clever song, or four-part glee, or anthem, or something like a *notturno* or "Song without Words" for the piano. Mendelssohn wrote little pieces too; but whether any of their little pieces are likely to survive and become classical like his,—the treasured lyrics of the land and of the age,—is certainly a question that can hardly yet be settled in the affirmative.

And "taking them for all in all," has there been aught among them yet to "give the world assurance of a *Man*" in music? Can we point to an instance of unquestionable musical *genius* of the creative kind? to any name that bids fair to be classed with the great names of the composers? Who can point us to one American composition, great or small, with much assurance that it is destined to become classical and to be treasured in the world's musical repertory? Granting that creditable works have been produced, sometimes in difficult and lofty forms, yet which of them is or is likely to be held of much account, say in the musical countries of Europe, supposing the work to stand simply on its own merits and not claim hospitable regard as the firstling of a beginner from a new country on the map of music? Which of them can the world not perfectly well afford to do without, and feel that, even on the score of novelty, its programmes do not need it? Of course the question is not put to Yankee Doodle patriotism;—that will answer glibly enough and place you a Jubal Smith, a Handel Corydon Stebbins or some other heaven-scaling native Titan alongside of every Mozart and Beethoven that the old world boasts. Indeed the very man has had us by the button, who (live Yankee that he was) has mastered all of Handel's methods, and with his own hand has scored original oratorios as many and as grand as Handel's!

Without therefore flattering ourselves that the signs have yet appeared of anything like positive musical *genius* in our countrymen; and leaving to any individual self-persuasion of such *genius* the fullest benefit of the plea that it is perhaps in advance of the understanding whether of the many or of the "appreciative few";—remembering too the divine prerogative of *genius*, of being limited to no age or place, but of shining forth, should it so please the All-Wise, from the obscurest corner of a Nazareth,—we proceed to notice some quite creditable and quite promising achievements of young Americans, who have devoted themselves to musical composition in the higher forms of Art.

And, first, we are reminded, by the receipt from our friend C. C. PERKINS of a beautifully engraved copy of his last Quartet, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic, of the somewhat significant fact that *three* of our young Boston music students, now in Europe, have there distinguished themselves by the production of string Quartets, in the classical sonata form. This last by Mr. Perkins is his third effort in this kind.

Whether it improves upon his second quartet, which won such favor and bore repetition so well, when it was performed last winter by our Quintette Club, we can not yet say, having barely heard it once read through. It is elaborate and difficult, in the hard key (for violins) of E major, with long and florid themes wrought out somewhat ambitiously, and on the first hasty impression prompting a suspicion that it is not so clear and so effective, even if it have more in it, both of musical ideas and learning.—We have also had the pleasure of hearing a first private rehearsal of a MSS. Quartet by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, also studying at Leipsic. The first impression was decidedly agreeable and hopeful. The thoughts were unpretending, yet dignified and suggestive; the style truly quartet-like, entirely free from any trick of opera or dance or sentimental song melody; the logical connection, both of each movement in itself, and of the several movements as a whole, well preserved; and all clear, well-proportioned and in harmony with calm and elevated states of mind. At least so it seemed to us in that one hearing.—The third was by our townsman, Mr. FRANCIS BOOTT, who has pursued his studies chiefly with the learned *mâestri* of Rome and Florence, which latter city he now makes his home. A quartet produced under purely Italian auspices could not be supposed to bear more than the most outward and formal analogy to the quartets, trios, sonatas, &c., of the German School, where the true genius of that sort of thing has always principally resided. Yet so far as we could judge from a single and imperfect trial, Mr. Boott's first movement showed the art of clearly developing a theme in quite a learned and *fugato* style, if the subsequent movements ran too much into the familiar vein of Italian and French opera melody.

Still we hope for opportunity to revise these hasty and perhaps wrong impressions. Of all three we may safely say, that though they may not bear comparison with the transcendent quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, &c., yet they are quite as interesting and artistic as many a work that finds its way to print and public hearing in Germany, and quite as worthy of an *opus* number, and a mention in M. Fétis's *Biographie des Musiciens*. They show an earnest spirit and a high aim, backed by some real talent, and, being the works of men of general culture and refinement, are modestly put forth as aspirations and beginnings. They warrant the expectation of excellent if not of great works, from their authors. What others of our countrymen may have tried their fortune in this line we know not.

Nor do we hear of native efforts in other forms of classical chamber music. We have yet to hear of a piano-forte sonata composed by any one, unless possibly by one of the three abovenamed in Europe. Pleasing fancies in a freer form, caprices, études, songs without words, &c., not without a certain fascinating individuality, have been produced, as every body knows by GOTTSCHALK, by WILLIAM MASON, and others:—pieces which might compare decently with similar things by such composers as Blumenthal, or Wilmers, or perhaps even Thalberg:—but hardly such as lay the foundation of an enduring musical fame.

In vocal music for the chamber or the church we have had good beginnings. We have seen a

Latin Hymn, composed in eight real parts, by Mr. BOOTT, in Florence, and hear of several productions of a like kind, besides a Mass, which have earned him honors in Italy, and have given pleasure to his friends who in small musical circles have tried them here at home. Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN, during his residence in England, where he has devoted himself to the music of the English Church, composed quite a variety of anthems, &c., some of which are now in use in the cathedrals there, and are highly commended by Dr. Wesley, Turle, and other learned English organists. We understand that he has written an anthem for four choirs, in *sixteen real parts*.

Highly creditable things in the way of anthem, chorus, glee, &c., have been done by Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD in this city, who has been a very earnest student, has mastered and has even composed an elaborate treatise on the subtle and difficult art of Fugue, which we trust will ere long see the light. Good things also in this kind are not unfrequently produced by Mr. G. F. ROOT, Mr. RICHARD WILLIS, and we doubt not by other well known names in New York; though it must be confessed that wide renown is no proof of genuine musical talent in this country. We shall be excused from cataloguing names whose musical value we cannot profess to know.

But however the case may stand as to the production of music in the smaller and more quiet forms, it will be readily seen to be quite natural to the enterprising and audacious character of Yankeeedom, that we should have undertaken a plenty of *great* things, grand and unheard of effects, in the way of musical composition. Let us add no new fuel to the famous FRY and BRISTOW controversy; it is enough simply to refer to the fact that here are Americans who have written operas and overtures, and symphonies for the grand orchestra, some after the classic models, and some in brave defiance of all models, following the eccentric course of genius real or imaginary. That great musical knowledge and skill were involved in these works,—great mastery of instrumentation, &c.,—no one will doubt, however opinions may differ about their real aesthetic value. Mr. FRY has had his share of ridicule, proportioned to the magnitude of his artistic claims. We are pleased to see, therefore, that his latest public appearance as a composer, namely, in the music to the Prize Ode at the re-opening of the Crystal Palace, has elicited chiefly serious and favorable criticism from those who heard it; while naturally (like the Ode itself) it was a tempting theme for parody to wits who did not hear it. Mr. WILLIS, in his *Musical World*, has this to say about it:

We were unable to note all the particulars or judge of the intrinsic merits of this work; but the general effect was most satisfactory. The author was evidently inspired by his mental view of a vast auditory, when scoring his work: his rich and fiery imagination thus excited, and roused, set forth broad, tasteful and always well-developed melodies; sustained by a judicious and brilliant orchestration, in which he brought into use the departments of the orchestra best adapted for effect. The style of this composition is pure and varied; and the plan excellent, never allowing the interest to flag, but always arresting the attention of the hearer.

But here we must abruptly break off for the present, conscious that we must have omitted much, but trusting to resume the theme from time to time.

"Please Notice."

—, May 20th, 1854.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq., Ed. Mus. Journal, Boston.

DEAR SIR:—We took the liberty of sending you to-day by mail one copy of —'s op. 22—25, published by us recently, which you were already so kind to make mention of in your valuable Journal. Tendering you our best thanks for this which is of no trifling value for us, as the favorable opinion you express cannot but help rendering these publications —our first ones—so known as they deserve to be, we beg at the same time your pardon, that we allowed eight days to pass before we bring them before you. Soliciting your kind favor also for our future publications, believe us, Dear Sir,

Yours, very respectfully,

So & So.

The above is courteously written and we doubt not well meant. Yet the writers will excuse us if we cite it as a specimen of the lynx-eyed watchfulness of music-publishers concerning every smallest notice of their own wares, even though it appear in the columns of a Musical Journal whose very existence they successfully ignored until they scented out in it some word of praise for *them*. We said a favorable word of Herr Tonkunstler's composition, because we liked the composition, knowing neither publisher nor author. Forthwith Messrs So & So, the enterprising publishers (as it appears), not of the work we mentioned, but of after emanations from the same source, forward us a gay bundle of his works in brilliant covers, yellow, purple, blue and green (there is a great deal of *green* music published now-a-days), and with a note bespeaking favor for their publications.

Now it is impossible for us to favor anybody's publications, as such. What entitles a piece of music to a favorable notice is its excellence as music, and not the fact that it comes from the publishing establishment of Messrs. So & So, who may issue some good things, as do many others of our publishers, but who must be more heroically self-sacrificing than all their brethren if they do not also issue a great deal of trash. We cannot agree to praise *anybody's* "publications," but we wish to welcome a good thing, come from what source it may; and very possibly we may so welcome the aforesaid parti-colored bundle, when we find time to examine it.

The writers of the above are strangers to us; we never heard of their establishment before; and we take in perfect kindness this their recognition and request. Only we must be permitted to point to the singularity of one little circumstance, namely: that, whereas so sharp an instinct leads them to discover and seek notice in our Journal, they have never so much as subscribed for a single copy of the Journal itself, nor do they propose to do so now. This is not the first instance in which music-publishers, singing-school masters, small composers, &c., seem to have taken it for granted that our Journal was instituted to promote their individual business, they lifting not a finger to sustain the Journal.

A MAGNIFICENT ORGAN.—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* gives the following description of a new organ just erected in that city:

The Harmonia Sacred Music Society contracted about two years since with Mr. J. C. B. Standbridge, Organ builder, of this city, for an instrument to exceed all others in the United States in point of size, beauty of tone, accurate voicing, and the other qualities desirable in a first class instrument of the kind. This mammoth

organ is now receiving its finishing touches at the hands of its builder, and it has been found to fully answer the expectations of its projectors. It has been placed in the gallery at the southern end of Concert Hall, and it will be an important addition to that establishment. The following is a description of the principal points of the mammoth instrument: The compass of the organ ranges from AAA to A in *alt.* It is in reality five organs in one: Great, Choir, Swell, Solo, and Pedal organs. There are 57 keys in the manuals, and 25 in the pedal board. Three sets of bellows are needed to supply the instrument with wind; one set is required for the pedals; one for the solo alone, and the third for the other three rows of keys. No other organ in the Union possesses a solo organ. This feature of the mammoth organ has a heavy supply of wind, and is designed to give a peculiarly bold and grand tone to stops for solo performances and accompaniments.

The "Great Organ" contains 17 stops, to wit: Large open diapason, second do., dulciana, second do., stopped diapason, hohl flute, claribel do., principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtera of four ranks, grand mixture of six ranks, gems horn, great trumpet, clarion, &c.

The "Choir Organ" contains 13 stops, viz: Open and stopped diapasons, dulciana, violin, chimney-flute, clarinet, hautboy, cornet, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, &c.

The "Swell Organ" contains 18 stops:—The open and stopped diapasons, bourdon, dulciana, union melodiana, clarabella, night-horn, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtera of four ranks, trumpet, hautboy, octave trumpet, &c.

The stops of the "Solo Organ" are as follows: Solo diapason (open), solo oboe, melodia, and solo cornet a piston.

The "Pedal Organ" has five stops, viz: Double open diapason, double dulciana, open diapason, principal, and a mixture of 12th, 15th, and 17th. It has also the advantage of four composition pedals, a shifting action pedal, and five couples for the key-boards.

This immense instrument contains not less than 3,050 pipes, which are divided as follows: Great Organ, 1,216; Choir do. 672; Swell, 809; Solo, 180; Pedal, 172.

The organ in Trinity Church, New York, has been celebrated for its great size, and the excellence of its tone, but it is believed that the instrument of the Harmonia Society will exceed it in the latter respect, while in point of size it is greatly superior to the New York organ. In three departments alone, the Philadelphia instrument has 18 more stops than the corresponding portions of the Trinity church organ.

We shall soon be able to furnish a description of the new organ, now almost completed, for the Tremont Temple in this city, by the Messrs. Hook, which we assure our Philadelphia friends will prove considerably larger than the one above described. Meanwhile we may say: It contains 70 stops or registers, in place of 57 as above; 10 pedal stops instead of 5, including two reed stops, one of which descends to CCC, with two more keys to the pedal key-board; 10 coupling stops instead of 5. Its Swell runs through its entire compass. There is another organ in the Union possessing a "Solo organ," namely, this very Tremont Temple organ, which, we are told, gave the suggestion to the Philadelphia builder. It has a thirty-two-foot pipe, which the other has not, and probably as many if not more pipes in all; though the relative size of an organ is not to be measured simply by its number of pipes, since the addition of one sub-bass pipe is as a mighty oak offsetting a whole forest of small treble shrubbery.

Since the above was in type we have noticed in the same paper an account of the opening of the Philadelphia organ, as follows:

OPENING OF THE HARMONIA ORGAN.—This event took place on Monday evening, at Concert Hall, in the presence of an immense audience. The choruses were admirably given by the full strength of the Society, but it was with no little regret that the directors were compelled to announce that Mr. Bishop was too ill to sing as expected; his place in the programme was ably filled by a gentleman amateur, who sang *Sabotiers Hostia* with much taste and feeling. Hummel's "Sound the Trumpet" was sung with much applause by the young lady who gave so much satisfaction at the previous concerts. The superb organ was performed upon by Messrs. Thunder, Getze, Newland, M. H. Cross, Emerick, and Darley, as well as by Mr. Standbridge, who opened the instrument with a medley of sacred, popular, and national melodies. He was followed by Michael Cross with the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, which commanded an encore, the very talented young organist performing the ensemble from Wagner's opera of *Tannhäuser* with great effect. Mr. Emerick next extemporized a fantasia to the entire satisfaction of the audience, and the first part ended with a fine Adagio and Allegro of Rink's, performed admirably by Mr. Thunder, whose execution on the organ is of the best description. The second part commenced with the overture to *Zampa*,

played by Mr. Cross; then Mr. Newland gave a *nocturne* by Pfitz, followed by Mr. Getze, who extemporized a voluntary of truly classic form, and who deserves more credit than any of the performers on the occasion. He was succeeded by Mr. Darley, who played for about one minute, as the hour was late, and the audience evidently tired by the extreme length of the concert, the only drawback to its excellence. The organists were nominally limited to ten minutes for their voluntaries, but they, without thinking of the heat and crowd, extended their time to fifteen and twenty, which made the performances unnecessarily long.

The organ is one of great sweetness and power; the solo stops are the perfection of tone, and the promptitude with which every note speaks, commands the utmost praise. Mr. Standbridge has exerted himself with perfect success, in producing an instrument in every way superior to any we have ever heard. The case of the organ is unfortunately ugly, to say the least of it; but happily the outside does not injure the interior.

DODWORTH'S BAND.—The visit to our city of this model band from New York, during the past week, has charmed out multitudes of eager and delighted listeners both in street and concert room. The Boston Music Hall, on Tuesday evening, was crowded to its utmost capacity; the audience being of course largely composed of military young men whom no music could delight so much.

Their playing was admirable, really reminding one, in point of brilliant sonority, unity and precision, of Jullien. The band numbered nearly forty instruments, and played sometimes as cornet band, sometimes as reed and brass band, and sometimes with violins and double basses as orchestra, only with a pretty large allowance of brass. In this latter form the overture to Oberon, quadrilles, accompaniments to the highly finished solos by the brothers Dodworth, &c., were finely performed. The grotesque quadrille, in which the sounds of the barn yard were mimicked, was quite worthy of Jullien.

But our chief interest was in the performance of the full reed and brass band, which among other things gave Weber's "Jubilee" overture with great effect. It contained about a dozen clarinets, besides flute, bassoon, &c., with five great ophicleids in the centre in the lieu of double basses, and gave an exceedingly rich ensemble, with contrasted qualities of tone, and a command of delicate effects, so much more satisfactory than the monotonous quality of bands all brass. This is the kind of band we need for summer evening music on our common. Have we no Mr. Schnapp or other enterprising band master to organize us such an one?

Musical Intelligence.

Our brilliant pianist, and universal favorite, ALFRED JAEHL, sails this day from New York for Europe, in the steamer "Atlantic." His loss will be greatly felt in all our concert-going cities, and we fear it may be long before Europe sends us another such pianist. As it is an ill wind that blows no luck to anybody, may the wars have at least this good effect, to send JAEHL back to us.

Our townsman, MR. NATHAN RICHARDSON, arrived home yesterday by the "America," in good health and spirits, having with the other passengers escaped most imminent danger from the icebergs. He has completed arrangements in Germany for the prompt and regular transmission of new music, instruments, musical journals, &c., by every steamer, to his elegant "Musical Exchange" on Washington Street.

Mr. Richardson brings us the pleasing assurance that ROBERT SCHUMANN has recovered from his alarming infirmity, and is again busily composing music, to give London critics something new to sniff at.

He also speaks in rapturous terms of the piano-forte playing of our townsman, MR. WILLIAM MASON, whom he heard recently at Weimar, where he has been under the private tuition of LISZT. Mason proposes to return to this country in July or August, in company with a distinguished violinist, HERR LAUB, with whom he will give concerts, making his debut in

his native Boston. This will be an occasion of great interest.

Our townsman, MR. C. C. PERKINS, who since leaving Leipsic, has been for some months in Rome, and was proposing to himself a tour through Spain, is expected here in the course of the summer. His presence will be a great re-gain to music and music-lovers and artists here in Boston next winter. He has recently been elected president of the Musical Fund Society.

We commend to purchasers of musical instruments the new establishment of Messrs. Werner and Hoeffner advertised below. Mr. Werner has been long and favorably known in this community as a man and as a sound musician, earnestly devoted to his art. For nine years past he has held the very responsible position of teacher of music in the New England Institution for the Blind. For nearly as long a period too he has been organist and musical conductor in the Catholic church in Franklin Street, and a valuable member of the orchestras of the Boston Academy, the Musical Fund, &c. He knows the wants of musical people, and his word and judgment are to be relied upon.

Advertisements.

A. WERNER & L. J. HOFFNER,
—DEALERS IN—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
No. 265 WASHINGTON STREET,
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PIANO-FORTES, Seraphines, Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Tenors, Violoncellos, Basses, Clarinets, Flutes, Piccolos, Fifes, Accordeons, Strings, Bows, etc.

We shall keep on hand a great variety of the above named instruments, and shall endeavor to give satisfaction to all purchasers, whether they desire the best and highest priced, or the cheapest instruments. Orders by letter will be carefully attended to.

PIANOS TO LET, TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Mr. WERNER will also continue to give instruction on the Piano, Organ, Flute, Violin and Guitar. Mr. Werner can be seen at the Sales-room, or in the evening at his residence, No. 976 Washington St. May 27. 3m

E. R. BLANCHARD,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND ORGAN.
TERMS MODERATE.

Residence, 24 West Cedar Street.

Reference, GEO. J. WEBB, Esq.

May 20.

Signor AUGUSTO BENDELARI,
(FROM NAPLES,)
TEACHER OF SINGING.

Residence, Winthrop House, Boston.

May 13

tf

Germania Serenade Band.
THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured
by applying to
H. E. TELTOW, Agent.
30 Fayette Street.
11 14 tf

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
265 Washington Street, Boston.
Oct. 16. 3m

A SOPRANO WANTED.
FOR a church in Savannah, Ga. A good soprano singer, and one who is a good musician and teacher, would receive a fair salary, and find scholars. For further particulars enquire at this office. March 11 3m.

CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT ACTION
GRAND AND SQUARE
PIANO-FORTES,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WAREHOUSES,
MASONIC TEMPLE,
TREMONT STREET,
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Apr 29

GREAT BOOK IN PRESS.

MOORE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC:

COMPILED BY JOHN W. MOORE,

With the assistance of other distinguished men in the musical world. The intention of the author is to make a most complete and thorough work of the above, which will be a desideratum in the world of music. It will be published in one elegant Royal Octavo volume of about 900 pages, double columns, and will contain a complete

Dictionary of Musical Terms,

A HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC,
from the earliest time to the present, a

Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass,

a description of all known **MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**, with the names of the most distinguished makers, and a complete Musical Biography of over three thousand of the most distinguished Composers and Musicians who have ever lived. Mr. Moore has spent several years in compiling this valuable work. It is now going through the press as rapidly as will comport with accuracy.

F. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

The price, bound in cloth, will be . . . \$4 00.

The price, bound in half calf, will be . . . \$4 50.

JOHN P. JEWETT, & Co.,

Publishers, 17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston;
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,
Cleveland.

Will be for sale by all the book and music dealers in the country. 2m Feb. 11.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ALLEGORY OF

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JOHN P. JEWETT, Publisher.

GEO. E. SICKELS is the ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT for BOSTON. His rooms are at the Am. S. S. Union, No. 9, Cornhill, where he keeps the Engraving for Sale. Also—Plain and Ornamented Frames, designed expressly for it, at the lowest prices. Nov. 12.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany,)
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, No. 7 Haymarket Place.
Mr. S. may be addressed at the music stores of Oliver Ditson or Nathan Richardson.

Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., HALLITT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON, NATHAN RICHARDSON.
Oct. 8.

N. D. COTTON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

English, French, and American Stationery,

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*. Wedding and Visiting Cards Engraved and Printed.
16 tf

GEORGE J. WEBB & CO'S
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AT this Establishment may be found an elegant and extensive assortment of

PIANO-FORTES,

at all prices, warranted equal to any in the American market, in the essential properties of Tone, Touch, Power, Durability, Style, and Finish. None others will be kept.

Also, an assortment of

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Mr. Webb's long experience in the profession of Music, enables us to assure those persons residing at a distance, who may find it inconvenient to visit Boston for the purpose of selecting an instrument, that they shall be as well served by letter, (naming the price of the instrument desired,) as by personal examination; and those who may favor us with their orders, can implicitly rely upon the exercise of Mr. Webb's best judgment in their favor. Any instrument ordered can be exchanged if it does not suit.

SOLD AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

...AGENTS FOR...

Light, Newton & Bradbury's Pianos, New York.
Hallet, Davis & Co.'s do. Boston.
Goodman & Baldwin's Melodeons.

Feb 19 6m

—Edward L. Balch,

BAKER'S**MODERN INSTRUCTIONS**

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE:

A Thorough and Progressive Course of Study, imparting
a Complete and Systematic Knowledge of

MODERN PIANO-FORTE PLAYING,

Illustrated with numerous Examples and Exercises on all the
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Eminent Pianists of the Modern School,

Interspersed with Morceaux from

Spohr, Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Herz, &c.

Also, Rules for the

FORMATION OF THE HAND,

With Selections from

MEYERSON, DÖHLER, THALBERG, &c.**BY THOMAS BAKER.**

The author of this work is well known as a popular composer of Music, and the Director of Julien's Orchestra. His long and varied experience has enabled him to know the wants of pupils, and his admirable tact in whatever he undertakes, has secured for these Modern Instructions, in Europe, a value and an adaptation to the general musical taste that cannot fail to make the volume one of great popularity and real practical worth in this country.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The style of Piano-forte Music being, within the last few years, so entirely changed, and a New School established, it is necessary to pursue a different course of Instruction so as gradually to develop to the Student the beauties, and peculiarities of **THE MODERN SCHOOL**. Many good players are unable to execute **MODERN PIANO-FORTE** Music, from not having undergone the proper course of Instruction to simplify and explain what appears to them impossible of execution. I have compiled a **MODERN PIANO-FORTE** Tutor, with a view to facilitate the labors of the Student in this branch of Art, and formed a plan of Instruction, which, I trust, will be found acceptable and useful.

To attain proficiency on the Piano-forte, it is necessary to commence learning it at an early age. How essential, therefore, that the course of Instruction to be imparted should be so arranged and divided as to prevent the young beginner from learning as a Parrot, or being confused and alarmed with the numerous difficulties to be unravelled.

The first Rudiments of Music, I conceive, should be explained in a clear and simple manner, avoiding all that is not absolutely necessary. It is an erroneous idea, conceived by many, that indifferent Instruction may be employed to develop the Elementary principles of Music to young Pupils, and that a good Master is only requisite when the Student is more advanced; under this impression, many a child gifted with brilliant talents, has disappointed the expectations of its friends, and bad habits have been engendered, which subsequent tuition has seldom been able to correct.

However simply laid down Instructions may be, the aid and care of a competent Master is essential to commence and direct the Studies of the Pupil, under whose guidance, what otherwise would have appeared a task, will become a pleasure, and be attended with the best results.

The Pupil, by practising the Lessons and exercises introduced throughout this Work, will find as he progresses, how soon he will be enabled to conquer the difficulties which abound in **MODERN PIANO-FORTE** Music, especially in the Works of Thalberg, and other great Pianists.

By a careful and diligent study of the Examples I have laid down, I am sanguine to believe that the Student may arrive at a thorough knowledge and rapid acquirement of this delightful branch of Art; and should my little work stimulate the youthful aspirant through his career, and render his labors more facile and interesting, the pleasure I have experienced in its compilation will be fully realized.

THOMAS BAKER.

Price \$1.50.

Published by **OLIVER DITSON**, Boston:

J. E. GOULD, Philadelphia: D. A. TRUAX, Cincinnati: BERRY & GORDON, New York.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.

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nov 5

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Apr. 10.

D. B. NEWHALL,
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MANUEL FENOLLOSA,
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References.

Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SILSBEE, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

CARL HAUSE,**PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of **NATHAN RICHARDSON**, 282 Washington St. or **G. P. REED & Co.** 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.

Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.

Miss Nichols, 20 South St.

Miss May, 5 Franklin Place.

Feb. 18.

LESSONS IN SINGING.**FREDERIC RUDOLPH**

RESPECTFULLY announces his intention to remain in Boston and give instructions in the art of Singing.

Orders may be addressed to him at his residence (United States Hotel), or at the music store of Mr. Wade or Mr. Richardson.
3m Feb. 11.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO,
AND MAY BE ADDRESSED AT

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J. B. WHEATON,**TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**

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MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANPOSED, &c.
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Oct. 8. 3m

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Apr 8

BOSTON.**No. 21 School St.**

